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TORONTO

IN ENGLAND

BY

S. G. DUNN

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PREFACE

HIGHER education in India is, at present, mainly conducted in the medium of English literature. The students at our colleges study our classics and read our novels; too often they fail to understand what they read, or to gather any pleasure from their reading, because they know nothing of the atmosphere, or setting, of English life.

Those of us who have been brought up in English homes do not appreciate, I fancy, the enormous difficulty that arises, in the study of western literature, from the absence of any personal acquaintance with the scenery, the customs and the life of the west. This little book is an attempt to supply a substitute, however inadequate, for a visit to England, by means of illustrations of typical English scenery, and a brief description of England under certain aspects.

It is intended primarily for the upper forms of Indian schools, but may, perhaps, prove useful even to the younger of our University students.

It is impossible, in space so limited, to present anything like a full picture of English life. This is merely a rough sketch, a makeshift till something more worthy be written on the subject.

S. G. D.

September, 1911.

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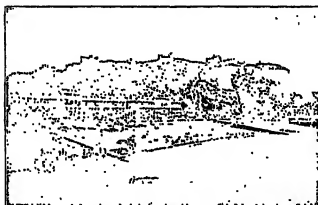
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FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Most travellers to England from the east will approach it from the continent of Europe. After nearly a day's journey in the train from the shores of the Mediterranean they find themselves at last at Calais, and there go aboard one of the channel steamers for the fifty minutes' crossing to Dover. From the French coast, if the day be clear, one can see the cliffs of England; but if there is much wind the crossing may be very unpleasant, as the sea soon becomes rough in these narrow straits. But let us hope for fair weather and smooth water, and then the white cliffs of the English coast and the green downs, as the rounded hills are called, will look beautiful in the sunlight. The air is cool and refreshing; the green of the sea is restful to the eye; after the dust of the railways everything seems wonderfully clean.

Now we enter the great harbour, where ships of all sizes may take shelter from storms; several British warships lie at anchor, and we are reminded

that as other countries must guard their frontiers against possible invasion, so England must depend upon her navy to prevent foreign armies crossing the sea and landing on her shores. As we look up to the top of the hills that stand above the harbour we see, too, great buildings which are forts, and



DOVER CASTLE FROM THE PIER

Photo. Valentine & Son, Ltd.

barracks for the soldiers, and we know that all along here are big guns placed in readiness for possible invasion. On our right, upon the top of a precipitous chalk hill, is Dover Castle, a very ancient building. The Romans had a light-house here and a station for their troops when they came over from Gaul, and ever since those days the place has been strongly fortified and garrisoned. On the left, to the south-west of the harbour,

risers a great cliff to which the name has been given of "Shakespeare's Cliff," because in his play of *King Lear*, Shakespeare describes a scene upon a "dread summit" near Dover, and this is supposed to be the very hill of which he was thinking. In the play, Edgar is standing with the blind Gloucester on the top of the cliff, and this is how he describes the sight to his sightless companion :

"Come on, sir ; here's the place : stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice : and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

For many centuries has Dover been the landing-place for visitors to England, some of them unwelcome. We read in history how, in 1416, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, constable of Dover Castle, met the Emperor Sigismund. He rode into the water with a sword in his hand and obtained a promise from the Emperor, that if permitted to land he would not claim any jurisdiction in England.

More than once the town was ravaged by the French, while the English fleet was away in other parts of the coast, and at the time of the invasion of the Great Armada, we can imagine the trembling citizens as they stood upon the cliffs and looked

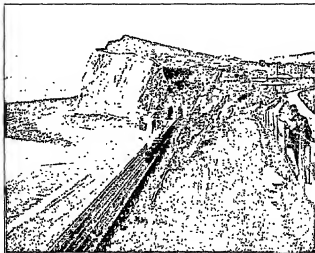


CASTLE TOWER, DOVER

Photo. Valentine & Post, Ltd.

across at the Spanish fleet followed by Drake and the English up the Channel. "Never," says Motley the historian, "since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships—the greater number of

them the largest and most heavily-armed in the world—lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with one hundred and fifty English ships and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the



SHAKESPEARE CLIFF, DOVER

Photo Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world." We can imagine, too, their excitement and the gratitude they gave to God when the news came to them, how the small English vessels had beaten the huge Spanish ships, and how these had been scattered and destroyed by a violent storm.

Here in Dover, at first setting foot on English soil, we find ourselves reminded, first, of a passage in English literature and then of a scene in English history. This is only natural, and as we go on through the country we shall see continually that the past is mingled with the present, and that we cannot hope to understand the England of to-day without some knowledge of the England of the past, and the feelings of English people as expressed in their literature. For there is no country in the world so full of historical memories and traditions as this England, and there are no poets who have written so much about their own surroundings and homes as English poets. So, on the other hand, acquaintance with the scenery, the physical features of the country, will help us to understand the thoughts and feelings expressed in English literature. If we cannot, from lack of time or money, travel into distant countries ourselves, we may still read of them in books, and thus learn more about the world of which our own district is only a small part.

Now the steamer has come alongside the landing-stage; gangways are slid down from it to the deck of the steamer; and down these porters run to carry our baggage up to the waiting train. It is a scene of some confusion, but after a little while all the various baggage is safely put in the train; we take

our seats and are soon steaming out from Dover Harbour, through the town and a series of smoky, noisy tunnels into the open country. Sometimes we run between high green banks on which red flowers are growing; sometimes just a fence, or



KENTISH ORCHARD

hedge, separates the railway line from fields of green corn, or meadows full of feeding sheep or cows. We catch the glimpse here of a farm-house in a sheltered little valley; here we look up a lane, shaded by lofty trees, where a farm-labourer is leading some huge horses back from work in the fields; now we rush through a dense wood, where the sunlight slants down through quivering leaves and

shows us flowers, yellow and white and blue ; then through a tunnel, and we pass a little station, and see country-people waiting on the platform, and large milk-cans standing ready to be sent up



VIEW FROM NEAR GOUDHURST

to London, whither we are bound. Nowhere is the country quite flat, but nowhere can we see hills of any height ; the fields are small, each bounded by a hedge ; good roads wind this way and that, and little lanes, cart-tracks, as they are called, and foot-paths connect villages and groups of cottages. Each village has a church in or near it, and from quite a distance we can see the spire or tower of

it above the trees. These church towers are a conspicuous object in the landscape. In them are hung the bells whose pleasant sound warns the people of the hour for prayer; from them, in former days,

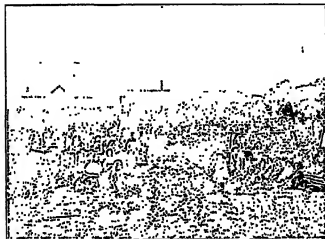


BEHAM, CHURCH WITH SPIRE

the watchmen looked out upon the surrounding country for the coming of the enemy in time of war.

It is a rich and fertile land, this county of Kent through which we are passing on our way to London,

and for this reason has been called "The Garden of England." There are rich meadows in the valleys; large orchards, where the blossom of the cherry and the apple trees is a lovely sight in spring; fields



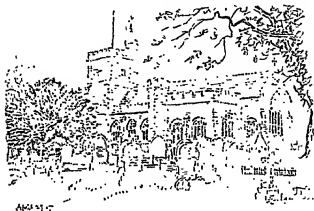
A KENTISH HOP GARDEN

Photo. T. G. G. & Co., Ltd.

of corn, vegetables and clover; extensive fruit-gardens; and finally, acres covered with green hops that are trained up poles or along strings and wires and look like vines. These are found chiefly in Kent; from them the beer which the people drink is made.

As we pass along in the train we are struck by the peace and quietness of the country. Animals

grazing in the fields lift their heads lazily to look at the train; people stop to watch it go by, and perhaps wave a hand in greeting; nobody seems in a hurry. But as we are carried nearer London, everything changes. The green fields and quiet



DESIGNER

lanes give place to rows of houses, blocks of factories, and busy streets, full of carts and people hurrying to and fro. For miles before we reach Charing Cross, our terminus station, we are in the midst of houses and the busy life of the suburbs; here live the vast numbers of people of all classes whose work is in London, but for whom there are not enough houses in the city itself; here are factories and workshops, schools and hospitals,

hundreds of buildings, hundreds of chimneys, hundreds of streets. Railway lines run in all directions, telegraph wires stretch along the railways and over the house-tops; great boards with advertisements meet our eyes wherever we look. Our train rattles over bridges and under arches; now we are passing over a street, now under one. The brickwork beside the line looks dirty and black. Everywhere is noise, smoke and soot from the chimneys. We feel confused and long for the quiet and rest of the green fields and woods. But we soon become interested; the scene begins to fascinate us. We think of the thousands of human beings in these miles of houses, of their varied work, their amusements and their sorrows; we feel a thrill of sympathy as we realise our common humanity, a pang of appalling loneliness as we recall how little, how very little one man knows of another's life; how small, how very small is our own part in the great world.

What a wonderful place is this London! The centre of the British Empire, the heart of England, but more than that. Here men of every nationality find a home: here none need feel a stranger, for he may find countrymen of his own somewhere in London. To her markets is brought merchandise from every land; from her factories goods are sent to every city in the world. There is nothing that

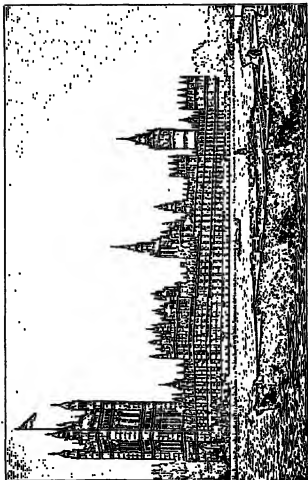
you cannot buy in London ; there is nothing of value that you may not sell there. And the arts and the sciences, the religions and the philosophies—they are all represented. London is indeed cosmopolitan—not a mere city of England, but the city of the world.

Our journey is nearly over ; we are passing over the Thames. The dark waters of the river swirl down beneath us under the arches of the bridge ; we see ships and barges, loading and unloading their cargoes at the wharfs on the south side of the river behind us ; to our front we see on our right large hotels overlooking the river ; to our left our eyes turn at once to a massive building with a great clock-tower and many windows—the Houses of Parliament. We catch but a glimpse and then we find ourselves beneath the glass roof, grimed with smoke, of Charing Cross Station. A porter in uniform finds our luggage ; we make our way through groups of people waiting for trains ; we satisfy the Customs officials that there is nothing in our luggage on which duty—a tax on certain articles brought into the country—can be levied ; we jump into a cab or "taxi"—a motor car that may be hired at fixed prices per mile—and are driven through the crowded streets to the hotel or lodging house where we intend to stay.

LONDON

"ONE thing about London impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard," says an American writer, "and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air." All cities are noisy compared with the quiet of the country, but this roar of London traffic and movement is peculiar to London. As one goes out into the streets one is at first distracted; in the roadway is a constant stream of carriages, carts, motor-cars, motor-omnibuses—so called because they are "for all"; on the pavements, at the side, crowds of people are perpetually moving, some in eager haste, some loitering and looking at the shop windows and the articles displayed therein.

Let us join these idlers and wander along. And the first thing we notice is that, in spite of the apparent confusion, there is really no disorder; those motor-cars never collide; though there are so many people about, there seems plenty of space for all. The reason is that all obey rules. At



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER

street corners you will see a single policeman in his blue uniform regulating the traffic: he holds



A POLICEMAN

up his hand and all the carriages stop. However high your rank may be, however important your business, you will have to wait till the policeman lowers his hand to show the way is clear again. Nobody grumbles; all obey readily: the man represents authority. Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, who visited England for the coronation of King George, comments thus upon the huge crowds that gathered to watch the royal procession pass:

“The orderliness of the people and their readiness to assist the authorities

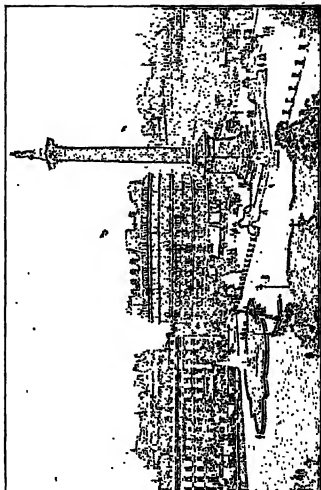
were alike astonishing. In no other country have the police fewer difficulties with the populace. Their control is nothing short of marvellous. I saw one convincing example. At one part of the

route about two thousand people were pressing forward. Two mounted policemen rode up and without raising their voices asked the throng to move back. Instantly they moved. In any other city the people would have murmured and demanded a reason. Here there was no question. Only instant obedience, and that, too, from an evident desire to assist the police. I suppose this ready obedience comes from their experience in the management of the vast traffic of the capital, where movement would be dangerous and often impossible if the people did not obey orders. Nothing is too troublesome for your police. Their patience is inexhaustible, and their politeness is proverbial. And the people recognise and appreciate these qualities, so that there is never any conflict of authority."

The next thing we notice is the extraordinary variety of the people. Men and women, rich and poor, well-dressed and ragged, all pass along together; here we see the keen intellectual face of a professional man, a lawyer or a journalist; there the bronzed face of a soldier; here the thin form and pale countenance of a clerk or shopman; there the rough and evil-eyed criminal. We hear all kinds of languages spoken in the streets; a Frenchman passes us talking rapidly to his friend, a couple of Indian students, a German, a Greek—all brought to London by business or pleasure.

Our walk has taken us into Trafalgar Square—an open space, with fountains and statues, chief among them, upon a high column, the statue of Nelson, whose great victory of Trafalgar gives its name to the square. On the north we see a long building, which is the National Gallery, where we are free to enter and look at some of the finest pictures in the world, bought with public money or presented by rich men to be the property of the nation. In other parts of London we may find similar buildings, open to all comers, full of all kinds of objects of interest, from pictures to stuffed animals, from ancient relics to examples of the latest manufactures. The greatest of all these is the British Museum, the national store-house for all manner of wonderful things brought from every quarter of the world. In its library, where students may read every day, are to be found many rare books, not to be seen elsewhere; a copy of every book published in England must be sent to this library, and so the collection is a very large one. . .

To the south we see a broad road leading down to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey; the buildings all the way down are Government offices, the India Office among them. West of this we look through an archway of stone and see a long avenue flanked with green trees, and at the end of it is Buckingham Palace, where



TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Photo. W. H. Woodhouse & Co.

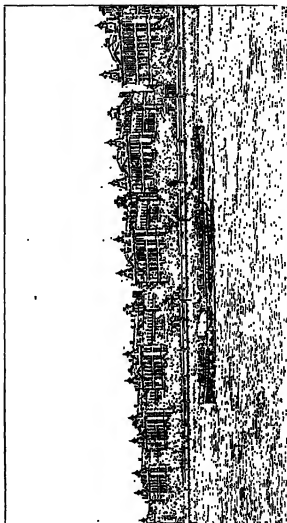
the King lives when he is in London. This avenue was constructed to do honour to the memory of the great Queen Victoria. All over London we may see buildings and statues commemorating kings and famous men who have done great service to the empire in their lives. So the present is bound up with the past; in the midst of the business of life we are reminded of the great dead and their good deeds, and we go about our work with renewed vigour, determined to follow their splendid example.

We are now in Pall Mall, one of the handsomest of London's highways. It was celebrated in the eighteenth century for its taverns and coffee-houses, where literary men assembled to talk; Fox, Gibbon and Sheridan, Byron, Addison and Steele, all have passed up and down this street. Now the taverns and coffee-houses are all vanished, and in their place stand spacious clubs. Every gentleman in London, most in England, are members of some club or other, whither they may go to meet their friends, to read the papers, or take a meal in greater quietness than can be secured in the public restaurants and hotels. "Of the people you meet here,—elderly gentlemen with nothing, perhaps, very remarkable about them, to outward view; or smart young men, with well-polished boots and hats, and faultless dress-coats,—it is safe to say that a fair number will have distinguished themselves in one

way or another : either in the working of their country's government, or in the fighting of their country's battles."

So we pass the old St. James' Palace, with its dark walls blackened by the smoke of centuries, up St. James' Street, with more clubs on either side of us, into Piccadilly with its fashionable shops, hotels, and clubs. Here you may meet numbers of well-dressed men and women strolling out in the morning or going round the shops making purchases; for in this quarter, Bond Street and Regent Street, are the best known shops in Europe. Here may ladies buy wonderful silks and laces, hats and gowns, diamonds and ornaments of gold and precious stones; the shops display their goods in the most tempting manner in the windows, and one would need untold wealth to buy all the lovely things one sees.

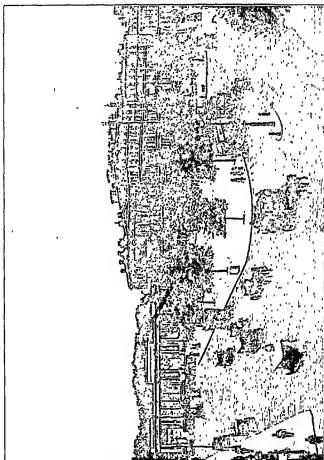
But we are still going west along Piccadilly, with a green park on our left, where the grass and trees form a pleasing contrast to the brickwork all round us; on our right are stately houses, the town homes of great noblemen, such as Apsley House, the residence built for the Duke of Wellington, who put an end to the power of Napoleon at Waterloo, and now inhabited by his descendants. And now we are come to the end of Piccadilly, to Hyde Park corner as it is called. Opposite us is a



ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL

huge building, St. George's Hospital, one of the many institutions in London where sick people may be treated free of charge; so the richer members of society look after the welfare of the poorer, for all these institutions are maintained by money voluntarily contributed by private persons; Government gives nothing. It is indeed one of the principles of English life that charity is one of the chief duties of a citizen; that is, it is felt to be right and just that every man should not only pay certain taxes and rates (as they are called) for the maintenance of Government and public services, but also give, of his own free will, as much money as he can spare to help those who possess less than himself, to relieve their sufferings, or add to their few pleasures. In India we know how, in time of famine, large sums of money are devoted by Government to the relief of the sufferers; in England, on similar occasions, an appeal is made in some newspaper, and from all over the country rich and poor send in what they can, and so a relief fund is formed. In this way people not only pay compulsorily part of their income to maintain the Government, but also contribute more, voluntarily, for the greater welfare of society.

‘ We turn north and find ourselves in Hyde Park, one of the “lungs of London,” as these wide open spaces, covered with green turf and dotted here and



HYDE PARK CORNER

Paris, Photoduplex Co.

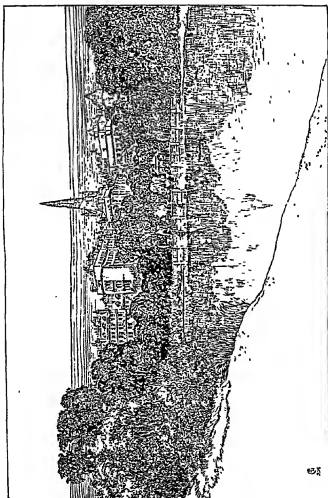
there with old trees, are called, because in them the city-dweller may breathe a purer air and bask in the sun. It is a feature of London that there are few places where we may not see green trees, and for this reason it is one of the healthiest cities in the world. Here in Hyde Park aristocratic people ride in the morning and drive in the afternoon, and others who cannot afford to keep horses and carriages sit and watch them, enjoying the gay scene. The King himself takes a ride in the park in the early morning, along the track known as "Rotten Row." Here too may be seen the tired workmen and idlers lying about on the grass on hot days in summer, and children playing cricket. In one part of the park is a large sheet of water called "The Serpentine," and very pretty is the view across it.

There are many other parks in and around London, but none so well-known as this. All in this neighbourhood are the houses of rich people; this is the centre of what is called the "West End" of London, the fashionable quarter.

For London is not one, but many cities joined together. Our walk has been through but a small part of it; we have met poor men and beggars, it is true, but the majority of passers-by have been dressed well, and looked prosperous and contented. Let us now go east and see a contrast. We will get into a motor-bus, or better, perhaps, take the

"Twopenny Tube." This is one of London's many means of rapid transit from one part to another. You enter a station and take your ticket; then you walk into what looks like a room, but is really a lift, and when it is full of people the official in charge shuts the iron door, and the whole thing descends, down, down far underground. The door is opened; you pass along a corridor, and find yourself on the platform in a tube-like tunnel. The train, worked by electricity, runs into the station; you step inside and are borne rapidly through this noisy tunnel, and step out again when you reach the station you wish to stop at; along another passage, up in another lift, and there you are, in a different part of London, several miles off.

And what a different place it seems! Here are no stately houses and glittering shops, no well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, no air of aristocratic calm! We are in the East End, where the poor live, where the factories and workshops are, in the midst of poverty and disease and crime. We may walk along a main street among artisans and labourers hurrying to their work, poorly fed and poorly paid, most of them; the clanging of machinery is in our ears, the smell of many things in the making invades our nostrils, the smoke and dust gets into our eyes. Or we may wander down side streets where these workers live—long lines of low



SERPENTINE, HYDE PARK

houses, all of the same yellowish brick, all begrimed by the same smoke. Few people are about here, and those we meet look at us with furtive eyes; the honest men are all at work; these are the "night birds," the class that do no work, but live by thieving and the like, and rarely walk about by day for fear of the police. Perhaps we may come to a district poorer still, where the houses all seem falling to pieces and the people utterly destitute; this is what is called a "slum," where those who have failed in life drag out a miserable existence. Great efforts are being made to better the conditions of such people, to provide work for them, to give them sanitary houses, to raise in them some hope for themselves. Priests go among them with religious teaching, and rich ladies come from their homes in the West End to visit the sick and bring them food and gifts. There are big "workhouses," as they are called, all over London, where the man who is starving, and has no home and no work, may go with his wife and children and find food and shelter, and be well treated as long as he conforms to the rules of the institution and does what work he is given to do by the authorities. But, in spite of all, there is much misery in the poor parts of London, and much to sadden the visitor there.

Still it would be a mistake to suppose that life

is altogether full of sorrow for the poor. Let us go into the busy Whitechapel Road and watch the scene at night-fall. "The weather may be cold or mirk; the weather matters little; the skies may be glum and starless, but a galaxy of light, from innumerable gas-jets and shop fronts, floods the busy streets. Here is certainly no lack of life and amusement; the crowd laughs, jostles and chatters, as if no such thing as care or struggle existed. Shops are full; barrows of all kinds drive a brisk trade; velvet-cushioned trams ply up and down the big highway. Ugly and uninvigorating enough by day, the streets, by night, invest themselves with mysterious glanour and brightness. For all the East End does its shopping by gas-light: now only it begins to enjoy its day."

✓ In many places in East and South London are to be found University Settlements. Young men come down from the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and live together in these poor districts, devoting themselves to teaching the people and making their lives happier. They show the poor that surroundings need not crush us; we may read great books, and go and look at beautiful pictures in the public galleries, and so widen our minds and lighten our hearts. In the "Settlement" buildings are rooms where the poor and struggling artisan may enjoy concerts, lectures and pictures,

and may learn from some of the best teachers, and profit by many of the advantages of university life; he may make use of a library there and take part in pleasant social gatherings; the place, in short, may be to him what his club is to the gentleman. Here again we see how people in England feel it their duty to give not only money but sometimes their very lives to the service of society; such a feeling is what we mean when we speak of "public spirit"—the feeling, the conviction that not only our money and our property, but our talents and our accomplishments should be devoted to the service of the State, should contribute to the welfare of our fellow human beings. On the growth of such a public spirit in its people depends the future progress of every country.

THE CITY

THE city is the business part of London. Very few people live here ; the buildings mainly consist of offices and warehouses : but in the morning you may see crowds of black-coated men hurrying out from the railway stations. They live in those suburbs which we saw as we came up in the train from Dover, or in the West End : they come in for their day's work to the city and go back to their homes when it is finished.

In the old days every city in England was enclosed by a wall, the gates of which were shut at night. This part of London was the original City of London, and in one part we may see a portion of the old wall still remaining. Though London extends now for miles and miles on either side, this part still keeps the old name of "The City," and the places where the old gates existed can still be identified by their names, *e.g.* Bishopsgate Street and Aldgate. Coming from the west we reach the boundary of the city at Temple Bar,

where the Law Courts are. Here in former days there was a gate, and the heads of traitors, who had been executed, were placed above it for the people to see. Now a pillar in the roadway marks the spot, and we go on down Fleet Street, where are the printing offices of most of the daily newspapers and various magazines. This street is always full of life and activity, for at every hour of the day a fresh edition of some paper is produced, and men and boys run along selling it to the passers-by, or ride off on bicycles to other parts of London. For business men especially are very eager to hear all that is happening in the world; the early knowledge of some important event may enable a man to make a fortune sometimes in a few minutes.

When we have passed out of the bustle of Fleet Street, we see straight in front of us, at the top of a slight hill, stone steps and pillars, and as we lift our eyes up higher still, we see a great dome above this massive stone building, and a gold cross flashing in the sunlight. This is St. Paul's Cathedral, the other great cathedral of London; not indeed so famous as Westminster Abbey, nor so old, but held in much veneration. Here are buried many famous men, among them the Duke of Wellington, and here the kings and queens of England return thanks to God after their coronation

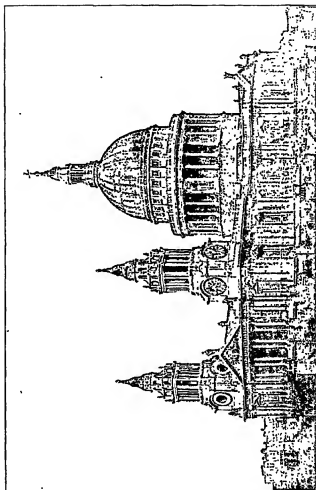


Photo. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

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at the Abbey. The great dome may be seen above the houses for many miles, and looks very fine from the river.

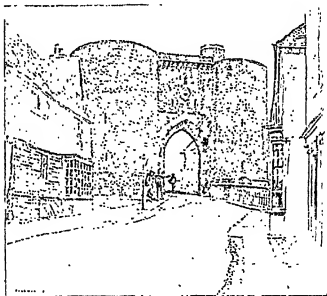
If we go on a little further, we come to the busiest part of the city, where the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House are situated. The first is the national treasury: soldiers keep guard over the vaults where the gold supply is stored; this is the centre for all other banks all over England. At the Royal Exchange are bought and sold the stocks and shares of governments and companies. At the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor, or chief citizen of the city, lives, and here are police-courts and offices as well.

From this place numbers of streets lead in all directions; along them all are crowds of merchants and clerks and financiers, hurrying to their offices, or standing talking. Everyone is intent on his work. He will rest or amuse himself elsewhere; here he works and has no time for anything else. The aim of many, strange as it may seem, is to get money for its own sake: however rich they may be they never think they are rich enough; they spend their lives in piling up wealth. That is, of course, a sordid ambition, and the love of money for its own sake is a disease. But the majority of men are working to procure money,

simply because of the things that money alone can buy; they have wives and children to feed and clothe; they wish to send a son to college, to buy books, to visit foreign countries; money is necessary for all these things. So we must not condemn these men we see so absorbed in "money-making," as it is called; we must ask rather why they want money, and whether they are honest in their dealings. We must judge a man by his honesty and fairness, his obedience to duty and his unselfishness, not by his trade or his profession. Such may be our thoughts, perhaps, as we wander through the busy streets of the city, and are a little overwhelmed with the noise and confusion, and the apparent fruitlessness of it all. x

Let us walk down to the river-side and stand on London Bridge and look down the river, the great highway of trade, crowded with ships from every country in the world. On the river bank are dreary warehouses, blackened wharves and landing-stages; lower down are the docks, where hundreds of men are engaged in loading and unloading the enormous ships that have come up from the sea. To this vast port of London are brought riches of merchandise from the uttermost ends of the earth; through this port is taken in the enormous food supply of London and the country. For England imports most of its food; "the import of oranges

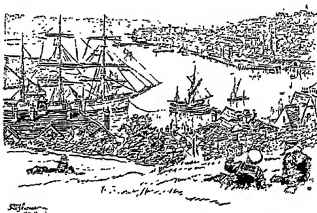
alone reaches a total of 800 or 900 millions yearly that of raisins and currants some 12,000 ton. while other things are in proportion." We see here how the trade and port of London have mad



THE LANDGATE EYE

it so wealthy and so large a place; we see how dependent it is upon this mighty highway, the River Thames. Standing here, too, we may form some idea of why it is the sea means so much to all Englishmen, even those who live inland like these men of London. By her ships upon the sea

has England become great ; by her ships upon the sea she maintains her greatness. Her history and her literature are ever concerned with the sea ; her poetry is full of the beauty and the fascination of



VIEW FROM THE CHATHAM RECREATION GROUND, LOOKING OVER THE
BARRACKS AND DOCKYARD TO BRONPTON

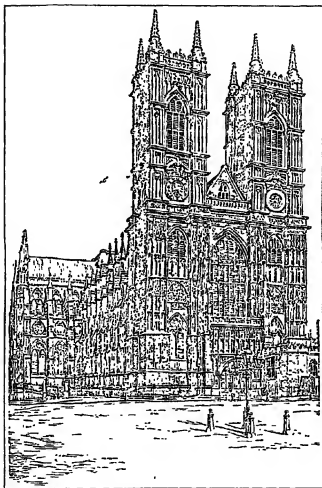
it. And here, as sunset falls upon the tall masts and the white sails, the dark ships and the changing waters, we may catch something of the poetry and the romance of the river and the sea.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY," said Dean Stanley, "stands alone amongst the buildings of the world. There are, it may be, some which surpass it in beauty or grandeur; there are others, certainly, which surpass it in depth and sublimity of association; but there is none which has been so entwined by so many continuous threads with the history of a whole nation."

On the spot where the great abbey now stands there was both a Roman and a British settlement, and a sanctuary. In the time of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, early in the seventh century, a church was built and dedicated to St. Peter. This church was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in 1049, whose tomb may still be seen. From that day to this kings have added to the famous building, kings and great men have been buried in it, and kings have been crowned here among the memorials of their ancestors.

The abbey is thus a beautiful building in itself;



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

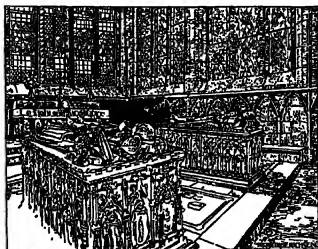
it is associated with every step in English history ; it is the national memorial of famous men, "the silent meeting-place of the dead of eight centuries."

The gray old towers of carved stone stand up magnificently above the noisy street ; looking up one sees innumerable carved figures of saints and kings and noble benefactors ; arches and pinnacles pointing to the blue sky above them. Entering we find ourselves in twilight, for the light that enters through the painted windows is subdued and mellowed, recalling to the mind Milton's

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light."

The pillars lead our gaze up to the arched roof with its delicate carving, full of shadows and gleaming shafts of light. {The walls are covered everywhere with tombs and memorial tablets.} We wander along the echoing aisles till we come to the place known as Poet's Corner, since here are buried all those who have won themselves great name by their writings. Here we may see the stone that covers Dickens's grave ; the bust of Tennyson, and the inscription that marks the resting place of many another. Addison has spoken of this place, and Goldsmith ; it is full of memories. These men were near to us in time ; but we may see the tombs of others long forgotten : kings who fought in Palestine, and queens who presided over many a

splendid tournament. England has changed indeed since they were laid in these tombs. "They cannot come to us," says Froude the historian, "and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to

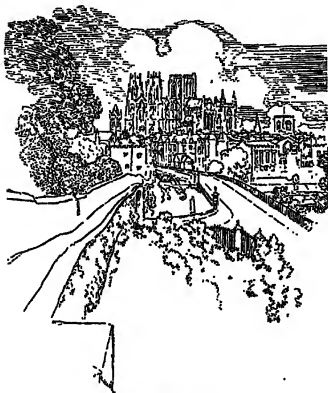


THE CHANCEL AND FIFTEENTH CENT TOMBS, ROBBERT CHURCH

them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive."

Close to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, that early king, we may see the two Coronation chairs, one used by Edward I., and but lately by George V., the other for the crowning of the queen.

Under the chair of Edward I is the famous "Stone of Destiny," brought by him from Scotland: the



YORK, FROM THE WALL

Scots believed that wherever it was carried the supreme power would go with it. Every English

monarch since then has been crowned in this chair.

In this great abbey, among its stately tombs and



ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL

solemn memories, every day the priests and people offer up prayer for themselves, their king and country and the whole world, "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety

may be established among us for all generations." It is a fine ideal finely expressed; whatever our religion we may join heartily in such a prayer as that.

Westminster Abbey is, of all national buildings, most venerated for all these reasons we have here set down; but each great division of England has its own cathedral, the centre of its worship, the burial-place of its saints and heroes. Built, most of them, in Norman times, they have been restored and beautified from age to age by loving hands, and are thus memorials of many whose names are quite lost. "All else for which the builders sacrificed, has passed away—all their living interests, and aims and achievements. We know not for what they laboured, and we see no evidence of their reward. Victory, wealth, authority, happiness—all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those gray heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration."

THE SMALL COUNTRY TOWN

WE have seen a little of life in great cities where numbers of people congregate for work or amusement. The houses are crowded together, and are as high as possible, because land is scarce and inhabitants are many ; for this reason some of the workers are obliged to live far from their place of business or their workshop, and we must have a network of railways and tram-lines to bring them in as quickly as possible. Competition is keen among so many workers ; hence everyone is in a hurry, and there is much bustle and excitement in the streets. After the day's work is done people wish to be amused, to hear music or see some play acted, in order that they may forget their work and be refreshed for the next day ; hence there are places of amusement, theatres and music-halls, in plenty. Among so many people there are sure to be some thieves and rogues ; hence we need police. Then there are arrangements to be made for the food supply, for clothes and other necessities ;

hence we see large shops and busy markets, huge railway stations, docks and warehouses. Disease may more easily spread in a city than in the country; therefore we must look after the drainage of the streets and houses, we must keep up hospitals for the treatment of the sick and injured; we must guard against fires, and take many other precautions, and make many other arrangements, just because there are so many people and so many houses crowded together. But when we come into the country, where the houses are few in number and scattered in their situation; where the people are occupied, for the most part, in quiet work upon the fields round their own homes; where there is no competition and no hurry and no crowding; life here is a very different thing.

Electric light and gas are, as a rule, unknown in our rural villages. We have no busy streets whose traffic needs regulating by an army of police. Hospitals are not needed, as they are where the machines of the workshop and factory every day produce accidents and disasters.

Let us go to a little town somewhere in the south of England. We pass along a road between high hedges, but occasionally where a gate marks the entrance into a field we may pause and look over it across green meadows where cows are grazing, or fields where the plough is at work turning over the

brown earth; farther on, where the ground is lower, we see long grass growing in wild abund-



A COUNTRY ROAD AND LANDOWNER'S HOUSE

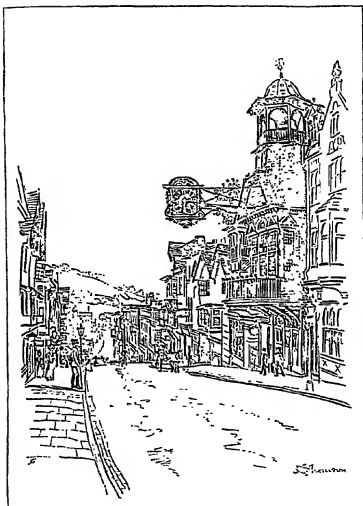
ance, and trees of beautiful green foliage, and a little river winding in and out among them, its

waters shining in the sunlight. There is not a sound to be heard, except perhaps when a bird calls to another, or a ploughman speaks to his horse to bid him stop. The railway is miles away, and there is little traffic on these country roads.

We start on again, and are soon mounting a slight hill. We pass a small house, then another, and in a few minutes we find houses on each side of us: we are in the High Street, or principal thoroughfare of the country town. A few side lanes on either side complete the plan of the place.

Most of the houses, of stone and red brick, are very simple in design—four windows, a central door, and two chimneys giving forth a curling smoke. Some of them have little gardens in front full of flowers, bright in colour and sweet of scent. Here and there are houses so low that any who will can look in at the bed-room windows, and houses which are so askew with age, and so twisted and deformed, that they might have been shaken by an earthquake.

In about the centre of the little town we shall find the little inn, an old building with a painted signboard in front of its door—a relic from the days when very few could read, and so each inn and shop bore some sign to serve instead of a written name. Opposite the inn, on the other side of the street, is the old church, built in the time of



HIGH STREET, GUILDFORD

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the Normans. The stone of it is worn away by centuries of keen wind and biting rain, but the arches of the windows are still beautiful with carving. All round it is the church-yard—a grassy place with ancient stones standing up here and there, with inscriptions upon them that give the names of those who are buried in this sacred ground. Here in the church the people gather on Sunday to worship their God; here marriage and funeral ceremonies are performed. In old days public meetings and courts were held in the church, but now there is a special building, further along the street, used for these, the town hall.

If we go up this lane beside the church-yard we shall see, among the trees, the vicarage where the priest lives; it is his duty to lead the public worship in the church, and also to help the poor and visit the sick, to be the friend, in fact, of all who are friendless. The house is old and beautiful; the walls of it are covered with ivy, that green climbing plant so often seen on ancient buildings; there are some graceful trees upon the well-kept lawn, or level grass, in front of the doorway.

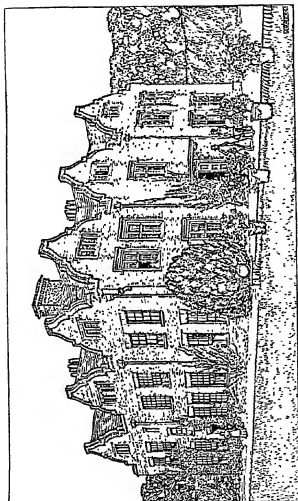
At the farther end of the town are some larger and better houses; they look like the homes of prosperous gentlemen. In one of them the doctor lives, in another a colonel of the army now retired from active service, in another an old lady who

loves the quiet of this peaceful spot. There are about 2000 inhabitants in all. Most of them are employed at work upon the neighbouring farms; most of them are poor, but happy enough in their life. There are no theatres or places of amusement here; occasionally some travelling entertainers come this way and give a performance in the town hall, and sometimes there is a "fair," when people flock in from all the country round, and games are held, and men compete in running and jumping; animals are bought and sold, horses and sheep and cows; servants are engaged for the next year's work, and all kinds of business transacted.

About a mile from the little town we notice a large park—an enclosed space adorned with trees and grass and carefully kept in order—and in the centre of it a big and well-built house. This is the residence of some nobleman, the chief landowner of the district. Nearly all the farmers are his tenants, that is, they rent their farms from him, pay him a fixed sum every year for the use of his land, making what profit they can for themselves from the produce. Many of the people in the little town are employed on his estate—looking after the animals, preserving the roads and hedges, cutting down trees. In ancient times the people would have been his serfs or slaves; now they work for him for wages, and he, on his part, is careful that

they shall be comfortable in their homes, and sends them gifts when they are ill. His ancestors have lived in the same beautiful old house for centuries, and he is proud of it, and feels it his duty, as far as he is able, to be the protector of the people he employs.

So we find throughout the country districts that there is a regular gradation of ranks. First there is the nobleman, or where there is no nobleman, the squire, as he is called; he is the chief gentleman of importance in the neighbourhood, and usually owns most of the land; then, next in rank, come those families who are not compelled to work for their living, the "gentry," as the country people call them, or professional men who have homes in the country as well as in the great cities; next in position are the farmers; of these some own their farms themselves, some rent them from the squire or landowner; lowest in rank come the agricultural labourers and working people who are employed on the farms and in service of all kinds. Some of these, instead of working on the farms of others as most do, cultivate a little land of their own, "small holdings," as they are called; but this way of life has not been found very satisfactory, as the small holder does not possess sufficient money to buy necessities for his work, nor can he grow things in large enough quantity to make a profit.



FURNEAUX PELHAM HALL, A COUNTRY HOUSE

We saw in London how a great deal of the food supply came from abroad ; most of the grain used in making English bread is brought from foreign countries, because it costs less to grow there than in England. The result is that the English farmer finds it very difficult to sell the produce of his farms at a profitable rate ; he cannot therefore afford to pay his men high wages ; there is consequently a tendency now for the younger people in the country to leave the farms and fields, where their fathers worked, and go into the towns. Here they may find work which is better paid, though life in the smoky city is not so healthy as that in the fresh air of the country. So the towns are growing larger and larger every year, while the rural districts support fewer and less contented inhabitants. This is not a good state of things, because children that are brought up in cities do not become as strong and healthy men as those who live in the open air among the fields, and so cannot serve their country as well. Efforts are now being made, then, to form what are called " garden cities," that is, to remove the big factories into the country and build houses with plenty of space round them for the workers to live in, so that the advantages of the city may be combined with the healthiness of life in the country.

We are still, however, in the street of our little

town. We are almost alone; the place seems deserted. A few children play in the road; there are no passing carts to disturb them. Some people stand at the street corners as if waiting for someone who never comes. A man opens his house-door and stands out in the road to look at the sky, and talk with any passer-by about the weather. A leisurely farm-labourer leads a horse to the blacksmith's to be shod. So the day passes in quietness till the long shadows of the setting sun fall across the drowsy street. The children have gone to bed. A dog is asleep in the road. Lights go out in the windows one by one, until the place is silent and dark.

At this very time in London the streets are as light as in the daytime with electric lamps; people are passing to and fro; motors rush along noisily; there is no rest in the great city. For several hours yet the busy traffic will continue; then, after a brief interval of comparative quiet, when the streets are cleaned and washed down with water, in the early hours of the morning the carts will begin to rumble in from the country with fruit and vegetables for the markets, and before our little country town is awake London will be hard at work again.

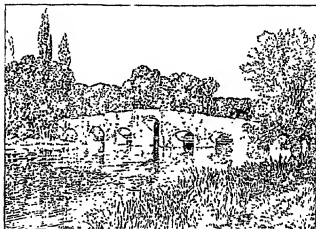
AMUSEMENTS

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WE see in another chapter that the towns are growing larger and that people are leaving the country districts in order to live in towns. One reason of this is that wages are higher in the towns than in the country, and an industrious and clever workman can rise more quickly in consequence. But another attraction for such people in the great cities is the amusements they offer. Life in the country is quiet, some would call it dull; in the town there is always something going on, something to amuse. Let us see what an ordinary citizen may do after his day's work is over. He will be occupied, as a rule, from nine o'clock in the morning till about six in the evening at his office or his workshop. He will then go home, change his clothes and have a meal with his wife and family. After that if he is tired, as he may well be after his work, he will be quite content to sit still and talk, or perhaps read; if the weather be fine, he may take a short walk, or work in his garden; for most

houses, however small, have a little garden at the front or back of them, and the owners amuse themselves with attending to the flowers and plants.

But occasionally he may wish for some more exciting amusement ; he needs to forget, for a time,



STOPIAM BRIDGE

his work and his worries. He will then go out about eight o'clock with his wife or his friends and visit some place of amusement. He may choose to go to a theatre and see a play ; there are all kinds for him to choose from. At one theatre a play of Shakespeare is being performed ; at another a drama by a modern author ; at another a musical comedy, where the story of the play is illustrated by

songs and dances. To any of these theatres (he may gain admission) for a few shillings.

✓ A more varied performance is to be found at the numerous music-halls, which are very popular, especially with people who have not enough time to look at the performance of a whole play. Here the entertainment is varied. When we enter and take our seats a man on the stage is singing.¹ He is dressed in a ridiculous costume, and interrupts his song with all sorts of jokes and allusions to events, which will make people laugh. When he has finished, the curtain in front of the stage is dropped, and there is an interval for a few seconds; then the curtain goes up, and a short play or sketch, as it is called, is acted. Again the curtain falls, and when it rises we find two or three men with bicycles on the stage. They ride round and round and do all kinds of tricks with the bicycles; they ride backwards, turn the pedals with their hands instead of their feet, and display great agility and skill. So the performances, or "turns," as they are called, continue for several hours; we can sit and look at what we want to see; if we are not interested, we can walk about until that particular "turn" is over. There is something to amuse everybody, from singing and music to wrestling, acrobatic feats and tricks of juggling.

If we are fond of music we may go to a concert;

all the greatest players and singers perform in London, and we may always be sure of hearing the very best music in Europe at one or other of the halls where concerts are given. These attract a higher class of people than the music-halls; the



VILLAGE INN AND CHURCH, BUDGWICK

love of good music is largely a result of education. If our tastes are more intellectual still, we may attend a lecture. There are many learned societies in London, the members of which give lectures from time to time. As an example, we may take the Royal Geographical Society, where lectures are given on exploration in different parts of the world; recently a lecture was delivered on the subject of exploration in the Himalayas, and the lecturer

spoke of Ladakh and Baltistan and the mountains of those regions.

An entertainment which is cheap and popular has lately been introduced. Walking along the brilliantly lighted street our eyes are attracted by a notice in electric light, the colour of the letters constantly changing, "Picture Palace." Inside is a cinematograph show, where we may see moving pictures of recent events and distant countries. Great care is taken by the photographers to produce exact representations, and we may see the Coronation procession of George V., or a great review of the army just as it actually was. Whatever night we may choose for a visit to any of these places we shall find them crowded; the streets will be full of people; motors and omnibuses and a few horse-carriages will be hurrying along, taking well-dressed ladies and gentlemen to dinner-parties or theatres. We must not suppose that all these people are out from their homes like this every night; but there are so many people living in London, and there are so many visitors always staying in London, that the streets and the places of amusement are always full.

As we go along we notice everywhere in the West End gaily lighted buildings; from the hum of voices, heard even in the street, they seem full of people, and indeed we see ladies and gentlemen alighting from

their carriages and entering in a continual stream. These are the restaurants, the places where parties of friends meet to dine together before going on to a theatre, or where they have supper afterwards. Many people like to come to a restaurant as a



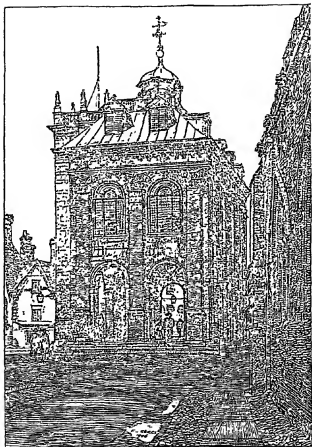
OLD HOUSE AT DITCHLING

change from their own homes ; the place is bright and gay. Each party has a separate table reserved ; the linen table-cloths are spotlessly white ; the silver and the glass shines under the electric light, which is shaded to a soft glow by a red silk covering ; the waiters pass swiftly to and fro over the thick carpet, carrying all kinds of delicate food ; up in a gallery a small band is playing soft music.

The sight of the people, all talking happily and enjoying themselves, makes us feel happy too, and we forget anything that may be perhaps troubling us in our work.

Life in a modern city is exhausting. The mind is constantly occupied ; work must be done quickly and thoroughly ; the noise distracts us, the presence of many people divides our attention. That is why the inhabitants of large cities seek amusement ; to the visitors from the country such amusement is only a luxury, a pleasure ; to the man who lives and works in a city like London or Liverpool or Manchester, it is a necessity ; he needs it to rest his mind, to make him forget his work, to refresh him for new efforts. In the calm and quiet of the country the nerves are less irritated ; the sight of green fields, the sound of running water, soothe and delight.

Has, then, the country no amusements ? It has ; but they are natural, not artificial. Remember that the labourer in the country works with his body more than with his mind. Such work is less exhausting to the brain, which therefore does not need the stimulant of amusement ; but it is very tiring to the body. We find then that the average labourer in the country, on returning from the fields, sits down at home and smokes, or reads the paper till it is time to go to bed ; or perhaps he walks to



THE TOWN HALL, ABINGDON

the village inn, and there in company with his friends, like the rich man in his club, he discusses public affairs and events of the village. On fine evenings there may be a game of cricket on the village green—an open space covered with grass, open to all the villagers; perhaps a game of bowls or quoits, each of them an ancient game, the first played by rolling balls of wood along the ground, the other by throwing rings of iron at a mark in the ground. So the amusements of the country are natural: they take place in the open air; the player amuses himself; on the other hand, the amusements of the city are artificial: the spectator pays someone else to amuse him. Nevertheless, when he has leisure, a day or an afternoon free from work, the city-dweller too plays games. All round London and our great cities are cricket and football grounds, tennis lawns and running tracks, golf courses, or links. These games are played by everyone, though many are often content to look on while others play. At a football match between two well-known teams often as many as forty thousand spectators will assemble. On the Thames there are rowing clubs, and regattas, or competitions in rowing races, are held in the summer.

The rich have opportunities of amusement, or sport, in the open air which are denied to the worker who has little leisure and money. Polo,

horse-racing, shooting, hunting—these all have their own seasons in the year. The hunting of the fox is by far the most characteristic of the sports of the upper classes in England. Imagine a cold winter's morning in the country. The fields are bare and freshly ploughed; there are no leaves



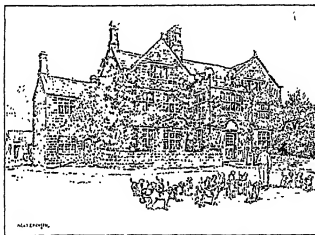
BRAIMER VILLAGE

upon the trees. From all the district round gentlemen, and a few ladies, have arrived at the meeting place, mounted on spirited horses. The well-trained hounds are brought up in charge of the huntsman, who wears a picturesque pink coat. A start is made; the hounds run along beside a wood, enter it and scatter through it, searching for a fox. Suddenly one of them "gives tongue," as it is

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called ; the cry is taken up by the other hounds and then out comes the fox with the hounds in full cry after him. Everyone follows ; ditches and hedges are jumped, and some riders fall off and are left behind. Everyone is excited ; the horses are as eager as the men. Sometimes the hunt lasts for



FOUR HOUNDS IN FRONT OF THE PEACOCK INN, HOWSLEY

miles, and only a few horsemen keep up with the hounds, and are present when they finally succeed in catching the fox. Some have condemned the sport as cruel to the fox ; it may be said that the fox does harm in the country districts by killing chickens and ducks on the farms, and he probably suffers as little by death in this way as in any other,

while he always has the chance of escaping, and frequently does escape. By fox hunting men become hardy and courageous horsemen, healthy and vigorous, and there is developed in them that desire of "fair play" which Englishmen so much admire.

Hunting, whether of the fox or the hare, is essentially the sport of the country gentleman, the squire, as he is so often called. The following little poem gives a good idea of the type as he rides out in the morning with his "beagles" (dogs) over his own lands :

THE OLD SQUIRE.

" I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspecting morn ;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeons' wings
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me ;
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Marjery,—

A score of names well-used and dear,
The names my childhood knew ;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred,
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground."

That is a good picture of early morning in the
country as it appears to such a squire, born and

bred on his own land. We can almost hear the cocks crowing to greet the rising sun; the wild ducks, the pheasants, wood-pigeons, blackbirds and partridges—they are all feeding in the fields, and may be seen at this early hour, when they are unafraid, as human beings are not yet about; we almost see the old man riding up the grassy hill till he reaches the top, and looks out over the wide expanse of land and sky, and marks the red sun rising in the east. Behind him are the dogs, each one with its own name, with which he and his father have hunted. The old man has all the love of the country gentleman for his home and its surroundings, a love far greater, as a rule, than the citizen's for his city. If we wish to have another picture of the country in the early morning, as it appears to the scholar or man of learning, we should turn to Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and read those poems.

The peace and beauty of the country are within the reach of all. Half-an-hour in the train will take one out of London into lovely places in the country among woods and streams. To walk is the best method of seeing the country, as Stevenson points out in his delightful essay on *Walking Tours*; but many people prefer to ride on bicycles, because they consider that mode of progression less tiring. So we find that hundreds of

city-dwellers spend their holidays and their Sundays in this way, bicycling or walking in the country. Some are not content to be idle, but sketch or paint views that take their fancy ; while others fish in the rivers and streams, or study the trees and plants (botany), or the formation of the rocks and soil (geology). Large numbers spend a few weeks every summer beside the sea in order to benefit their health by the fresh breezes, and to enjoy bathing in the salt water. We shall, perhaps, best obtain some idea of England by making a few visits in imagination to various places.

DOVEDALE

THIS is one of the many pretty valleys that lie among the hills of Derbyshire, near the centre of England.

The river Dove flows down between hills that are at one place covered with masses of green trees, at another, bare and rugged. Here the river contracts between rocks rising almost straight from the water, the path is little more than a rocky foothold, which in flood time is covered with water. A little further on is a wood, and then again the cliff comes down to the river in a beautiful rock which bears a close resemblance to a lion's head. The river bends sharply to the right and the narrow mying is transformed. The opposite bank becomes a hill covered with thin pasture, while in front of us rises a noble hill, clad with stunted trees for three quarters of the way up its slope, and then gradually falling away to the left in graceful and smoother outline. The river itself is a lovely stream, its water always



Photo: V. G. G. & Son, Ltd.

TERRACE OF ST. PETER, DOWDRALE

clear and pure; it is a home for many trout, as the fish are called which lie in its pools.

Byron was very fond of Dovedale, and considered it equal to Switzerland and Greece in beauty. Wordsworth speaks of it in his little poem on Lucy. Nobody knows who Lucy was, but Wordsworth brings her name into several poems.

“She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

“A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

“She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me.”

This was the stream in which Izaak Walton and his friend Cotton used to fish in the time of Charles II. Walton wrote a charming book in praise of his favourite pastime, called the *Complete Angler*. He declares that a river's side is “the quietest and fittest place for contemplation,” as the angler is there separated “from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world.” He tells us, “Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing;



Photo. Volcanic & Stone, 144

DOVE HOLE, DOVEDALE

and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea ; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs ; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun ; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I sat thus, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

‘I was for that time lifted above earth ;

And possess’d joys not promised in my birth.’”

His final words in that book are so excellent that we must quote them :

“Therefore, my advice is that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor : but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said, ‘He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.’ Therefore, be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health ; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good

conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not; but note, that



SUDBURY HALL

there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart."

In this same county of Derbyshire are many fine old houses, the residences of families which have lived in them for generations. England is



Photo. Robinson & Pears, Ltd.

THORP CLOUD AND VILLAGE

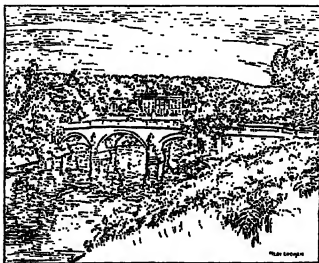
particularly rich in such old houses, many of them built in Tudor times. We give an example of a typical country hall in the accompanying illustration, which shows also the kind of garden that usually surrounds such residences.

But the most dignified of all great houses in Derbyshire, and perhaps in England, is Chatsworth, the home of the Duke of Devonshire. It stands in a beautiful park, with a river flowing pleasantly along the valley. The wide open moors spread away high above it and behind it to the east. From the park to the moors is a slope of fine woods, and the whole valley looks green and delightful. The place is well described in Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, where it figures under the name of Pemberley, the ancestral home of Mr. Darcy.

Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in the former house of Chatsworth, when Elizabeth suspected her of plots against her life. The present house was built later, in the time of James II., though successive dukes have added to it. The gardens are very large, and laid out in magnificent style, while the house itself is full of works of art collected from all parts of the world.

The Dukes of Devonshire were always patrons of literary men, in the days when the latter were dependent upon noblemen for payment for their

work. At Chatsworth the philosopher Hobbes resided for some time. We get a lively picture of him from a Frenchman, who went to visit the great man about 1678:



CHATSWORTH FROM THE BRIDGE

"I arrived a little before dinner (2 o'clock), but the Earl told me he believed I was too late to see Mr. Hobbes that day. 'As he does not think like other men,' said his lordship, 'it is his opinion that he should not live like other men. I suppose he dined about two hours ago, and he is now shut up in his room for the rest

of the day. Your only time to see him is in the morning, but then he walks so fast up those hills, that unless you are mounted on one of my ablest horses, you will not keep pace with him." The visitor at last found Hobbes, working hard and in rather a bad temper.

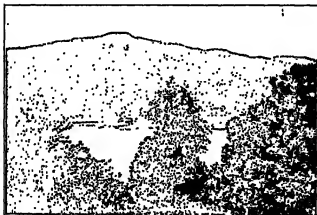
// "‘My Lord Devonshire,’ he said, ‘has more than ten thousand volumes in his house. I entreated his lordship to lodge me as far as possible from that pestilential corner. I have but one book, and that is Euclid, but I begin to be tired of him. I believe he has done more harm than good. He has set fools reasoning.’”

At a later date (1772) the famous Dr. Johnson visited Chatsworth, and thought it “a very fine house.” The rooms have witnessed some splendid scenes. We have the diary of a guest in 1829, when forty guests sat down to dinner every day, and there were over one hundred and fifty servants waiting upon them at table. Since then, most of the distinguished people of the world have stayed at Chatsworth, and enjoyed the hospitality of its owners.

TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

FROM Derbyshire we may cross Yorkshire and reach what is called the Lake District, in the north of England, where are situated the highest mountains and largest lakes. Yorkshire itself is a hilly country, with long stretches of open moorland interspersed with valleys and rivers. In many regions the land is desolate and wild, only a few scattered villages lying among the hills: but there are also some large towns in Yorkshire, in the manufacturing districts, the Black Country it is called, because of the smoke and the soot from it. Among such cities Leeds and Bradford are two of the biggest and most prosperous. Coal is found here in large quantities, and there are coal pits all over the country. The sky is black with the smoke that pours forth from the lofty brick chimneys; by the road-side are piled up heaps of coal-dust and rubbish, ash and slag; what few trees there are look withered and dying. At night one may see for miles the glare of the furnace fires.

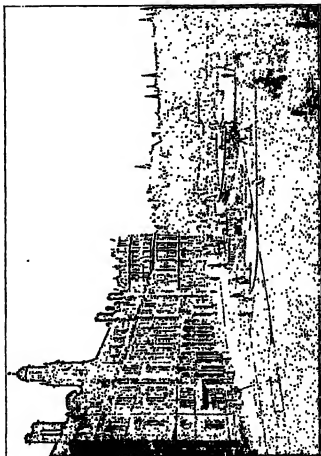
and the flames bursting out from the chimneys. One pities the people compelled to work in such surroundings. Such is the Black Country. What a contrast when we emerge from it on the sea-coast, as we may do by journeying to Whitby, a seaport of some fame.



SILVER HOW, GRANPHERE

Photo. Vickers & Sons, Ltd.

Here the air smells fresh and clean; the sky is bright and unsullied by clouds of smoke; the wind blows free upon our faces from the shining sea stretched out below us, as we stand on the edge of the cliff and look down. We may see the fishing-boats returning from the deep sea, laden with fish that they have caught in the huge nets dragged behind the boat, "trawling," as the term



THE
CITY SQUARE, LAKESIDE

THE
CITY SQUARE, LAKESIDE

is. Here we may feel something of the fascination of the sea. Look eastward and it stretches out as far as one can see, heaving up and down in steady movement; the colours of it change every minute; sometimes it looks gray and silver, sometimes green and gold, sometimes a deep blue. The waves sparkle in the sunshine like diamonds; the wind blows the tops of water off them and the foam gleams white. Shadows from clouds passing over the sun flit across the dark surface. From our position on the high cliff we can hear a low roar; it is the sound of the sea washing the shore, advancing and retiring up the sand and pebbles of the beach. To-day the sea is calm and the wind slight, but on a day of storm and strong wind it is a wondrous sight. Then the waves are high, like small hills, and dash themselves down with a noise like thunder upon the shore; the spray is tossed up high and carried far inland; the sound of the crushing of the sea can be heard for miles. Then it is ill for any ship that happens to be out upon those wild waters! She is fortunate if she be not driven ashore and broken to pieces by the force of the waves. The fishermen are brave fellows, and if a vessel is seen to be helpless out at sea in such a storm, they will row out in a boat specially built for the purpose, called a "lifeboat," and bring in to land the wrecked sailors.

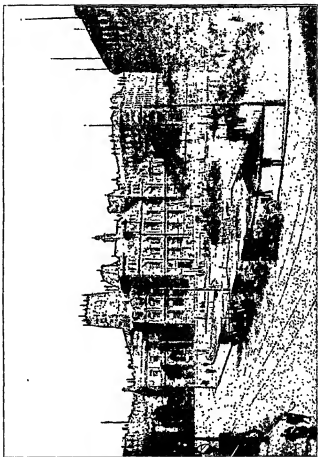


Photo. Valentine & Sons. 1511

FORSTER SQUARE, BRADFORD

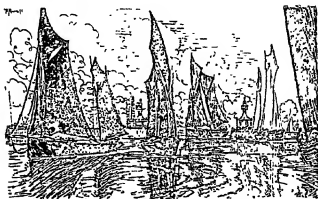
In former days many lives were lost upon the rocky coasts of England during storm or fog ;



THE COAST ROAD TO WHITBY

but now lighthouses have been built at points of danger, and the wide-thrown flashes from their

powerful lanterns warn navigators of their peril before it is too late to alter the course of the vessel. Government maintains a force of coast-guards whose duty it is to look out for a ship in distress; these men give the signal and then the



BOATS COMING INTO LOWE-STOFT

life boat is launched, and every effort made to save the unfortunates upon the wreck.

In such coast towns as Whitby most of the inhabitants are engaged in fishing. The life of the fisherman is a hard one; he is out in his fishing-boat for days at a time, often in very rough weather, and in spite of all his hardships perhaps he may not catch enough fish to bring him in much money. Most of the fish is packed up as

soon as it is landed, and sent off by train to London and there sold in the great markets.

In the summer it is usual for large numbers of people to spend their holidays beside the sea; they enjoy the fresh air after the smoke of the inland cities; they bathe in the salt sea-water, and the children are very happy playing on the soft sand of the shore. But now we must turn inland once more and leave the sea. We travel north over wide stretches of desolate moorland, and as we proceed the country becomes more and more mountainous. We are now in a district famous for its beautiful scenery, and for the poets who have been inspired thereby. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and De Quincey all lived in this Lake District, and a certain class of poetry, distinguished by its love of wild nature, has been called in consequence the poetry of the "Lake School." Here we have long stretches of water surrounded by green hills or precipitous crags. The lake that figures in our illustration is Grasmere. Beside the lake are meadows and lovely woods, and the little village where Wordsworth and De Quincey lived. All round rise the hills, here in gentle grassy slopes, and there steep and precipitous. Upon the grassy uplands we may walk for many miles and see no sign of life except a few sheep and a circling bird. Often the summits are shrouded in mist,

and then it is difficult for the walker to find his way on these pathless wastes: he will do well to descend as soon as possible to the valley and the roads that wind among the hills.



GRASHEP, LOOKING TOWARDS DENMAIL RAISE

In the summer months many tourists come to the Lake District to see its beauties, but in the winter the inhabitants are few, most of them shepherds and herdsmen, living in scattered farms in sheltered corners of the hills; then the snow lies deep upon the ground, and the wind upon the mountain tops is shrill and bitterly cold. So the race of men that lives here is a strong and hardy race, and, as is usual in hill districts, many old

customs are here preserved which have died out in the more thickly populated plains, where new ideas are passed from one man to another more rapidly, and there is greater opportunity for intercourse with strangers. Here too the aspect of the country is little changed from what it was in the ninth century, when the invaders came down from Norway in their carved ships, and settled on these very hills. Only their names survive, now embodied in the names of villages and ancient farmsteads; and sometimes, when wandering upon the hills, we may find an upright pillar of stone, a memorial of their place of sacrifice or burial. All over England we are reminded of the past; we see mediæval churches, or Norman castles, or timbered houses that were built when Elizabeth was Queen of England. But only on the hills are we reminded of the more distant beginnings of civilisation, when men lived upon some high place for fear of their enemies and of the wild beasts that roamed the roadless forests and uncultivated plains. Here too we are separated from the noise of cities and the talk of men; we are alone with the winds and the clouds, and we feel as Wordsworth, the poet of these hills has said,

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

EDUCATION

ONE of the most important, and at the same time the most difficult, tasks for any nation is the education of its young. In England, provision has been made for this in various ways. The great public schools, such as Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, have been in existence for many years, and are endowed with funds bequeathed to them by former sovereigns and noblemen. Here are educated the sons of the nobility and wealthy men, and the parents pay large fees to the school authorities. Boys are proud to belong to an ancient school, where their fathers were educated before them, and feel it is their duty to act as nobly in life as those who were in the school before them, men who have served their country unselfishly, and rendered themselves and their schools famous by their deeds.

There are also many schools managed by public committees for the middle and commercial classes, and these too are known as public schools. Here also the fees are fairly high, but parents make great

efforts to send their sons to such schools, and often deny themselves many luxuries in order that they may give them a good education. For it is felt that at such schools a boy is not only taught knowledge, but is trained up to become an unselfish and courageous man in after life. During term, which lasts for about twelve weeks, the boys live together, about forty in a house, under the supervision of a master. There are three terms in the year, and the boys spend their holidays at home with their families. Up to the age of nine or ten a boy is taught in his own home; he is then sent to a small school, where he will associate only with boys of his own age. Then when he is thirteen years old he will enter his public school and there remain till he is eighteen or nineteen. After that he may perhaps pass on to a University, or begin at once to enter upon the training required for some profession or business.

This separation from his home during term time may seem a little hard at first, but it is a very good thing for the boy. As he lives with older and younger boys, as well as with those of his own age, he learns how to behave towards those who are in a superior or inferior position to himself; he learns by experience the value of prompt obedience, of unselfish conduct, of friendship, honesty and courage. His comrades are quick to find out

his faults, and make his life unpleasant if he fails to amend them. He grows self-reliant, and yet respectful of the feelings and opinions of others. When the time for holidays comes he appreciates his home all the more for the separation from it, and the affection of his father and mother is all the sweeter to him.

There are similar schools for girls, but they are not so large nor so numerous, since girls are educated mostly in their own homes by private teachers, or "governesses," as they are called.

It is quite clear that an education at a public school must cost a good deal of money. For the poorer classes there are day-schools, which are maintained by public money. These are of two kinds, the elementary schools, which teach children up to the age of fourteen, and the higher grade schools, which enable scholars whose parents are willing to keep them at school till fourteen and a half or fifteen, to have a more thorough teaching than they could possibly get in the ordinary school.

For the purposes of education the country is divided up into districts, and the local authorities of each district exact a money payment, called a "rate," from the inhabitants to pay for the schools of this kind in the district. The poor, of course, pay nothing, but their children are educated at the expense of the richer. In this way

every child in the country is given an education of some sort, and there is now a system by which the son of a poor man may pass, if he shows industry and ability, from an elementary school to a higher school, and thence even to a University itself, by means of scholarships or grants of money. These are provided in many cases by rich benefactors, who believe that a man may best serve his country by providing for the good education of the young. Many of England's most famous men have thus risen from the ranks of the poor, and owed their rise to the generosity of such benefactors.

A DAY AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL

LET us suppose it is the middle of the summer term, the beginning of June, when the weather is becoming pleasantly warm, and the flowers are in full bloom.

In the long dormitory, or sleeping-room, are twenty beds placed at intervals down the sides of the room. Between the beds, against the wall, are wooden stands, and on them basins with jugs of water and other necessities for washing. At half-past six in the morning a bell is rung by a servant, who walks along the corridor outside and wakes the sleeping occupants of the beds. They get up, wash and dress, and run down the stone stairs and across the quadrangle, or grass square, to the big hall. Here, at seven o'clock, all the lower school is assembled; their names are read out by one of the older boys, and each boy answers "Present" when his name is called. A master enters, and the whole room is quiet. The boys are preparing their work for the day, reading history, working out sums in arith-

metic, translating a piece of English into Latin. The fifth and sixth forms are not present here; they are composed of older boys, each of whom is allowed a small room of his own wherein to prepare his work and read. At eight o'clock another bell is rung; the master rises and goes out of the hall, followed by the boys in eager haste, all glad to be released from their labours. All enter another hall, where breakfast is eaten. Boys who belong to the same house sit at the same table, and at a table in the centre sit the prefects, members of the sixth or highest form in the school, boys of eighteen or nineteen years old, who are chosen out from among their fellows as possessed of strong characters, and, in consequence, set in authority over the rest of the school. Their duty is to maintain discipline when masters are not present, and generally to look after the welfare of the boys in their charge. After breakfast, boys stroll about, and talk and read till nine o'clock, when they all assemble once more, this time in the chapel. Here the headmaster and the whole school engage in brief religious worship for a quarter of an hour every morning and evening, as a fitting beginning and ending of the day's work. After "Chapel," as it is called, each class goes to its own room, and the form-master proceeds with the work of the day. This is divided up into periods of fifty minutes

each, and at a quarter-past twelve o'clock the morning's work is over. The quadrangle is filled with laughing and talking boys; after three hours it is pleasant to run about freely, and talk as one likes. Some run across to the playing fields and practise cricket; some go off to the baths and have a swim; some just walk about, or talk with friends. There is not much time to spend, for at one o'clock everyone must assemble in the dining-hall for another meal, which lasts about half-an-hour. At two o'clock the bell rings once more, and work goes on again till four o'clock. On three days in the week, however, there is no afternoon school during the summer term. Now every boy changes into lighter clothes, and goes out into the playing fields to play cricket, or down to the river to row. A few, perhaps, play other games, but cricket and rowing engage the most attention. It is a rule of the school that every boy must take some form of exercise, play some game or other. So the boys are kept healthy, and learn useful lessons of mutual help and endurance. For in a game each must work for the good of his side, or team, alone, and not regard his own feelings; he must endure fatigue, and do his best to win, and yet learn not to grumble if he loses. This is all good for the moral character of the boy, and this is why English people think so highly of games.

At six o'clock all are back again for tea ; then follows chapel, and at seven the evening preparation of work begins, and all are at work till half-past eight. This is the time for supper, a light meal before retiring to bed. After supper the younger boys go off to their dormitories, and are soon asleep, while the older remain in their own rooms till ten or later.

The younger boys are, as we see, always under control, either of a master or a prefect, and they are taught to obey very rigidly. As a boy grows older he is believed to have learnt this lesson of obedience, and to be more able to give rules to himself and obey them. He is therefore allowed more liberty, and encouraged to do what is right, because he sees it is right, and not from fear of punishment if he does wrong. However, the rules of the school are very strict, and if any boy breaks one of them he is severely punished. These punishments vary, of course, according to the offence and the age of the offender. Corporal punishment is used if a boy is persistently disobedient or lazy. Otherwise additional work is given as a punishment, or leave to visit friends or go outside the school buildings is stopped. Not only are the bad punished, but the good are rewarded. We have seen how other boys who have shown themselves of good character are promoted

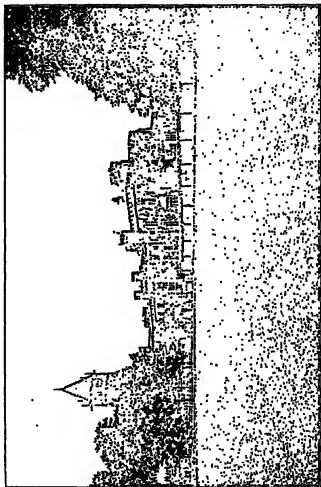


Photo. Valentine & Post, N.Y.

THE SCHOOL, NUREY

to be prefects, and given sundry privileges, such as separate rooms ; while those who gain the highest marks in the annual examinations are awarded prizes of books.

Boys, on the whole, are very happy in the little world of school, and when their time comes to leave it, look back with regret to their school days. "Old boys" constantly return to see how the school is progressing, and take a lively interest in its welfare.

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AT OXFORD

OXFORD and Cambridge are the two ancient Universities of England. Others have been founded in more recent times, the Universities of Birmingham and Manchester, for example, but these have not the history, the traditions and the fine ancient buildings that are possessed by the older homes of learning, nor is the course of their studies similar.

Let us look at Oxford for a little while. The city lies in a valley of the Thames, surrounded by streams and meadows, with low hills rising in the background. Were you to look out from the top of one of these on a sunny day you would look across the valley and see a number of gray stone buildings with towers and spires pointing to the blue sky. These are the colleges of Oxford, built most of them centuries ago. Modern houses and shops surround them, all the town of Oxford, but the colleges are the prominent feature of the landscape and give it beauty.

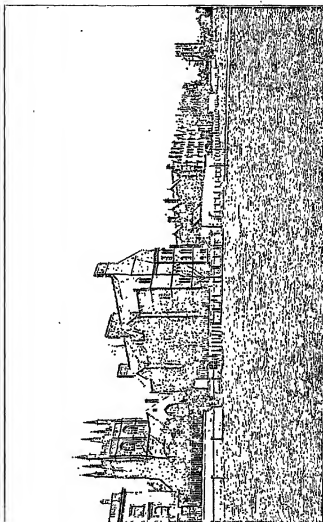
During term time Oxford is a busy place. Some



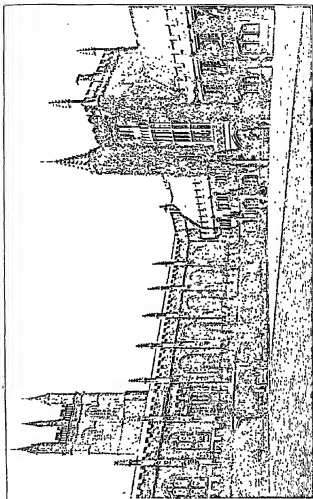
THE RIVER AT OXFORD

thousands of undergraduates are living in the colleges, or in rooms, studying for their degrees. For many of them a residence at Oxford, with an Oxford degree, is a preparation for entrance into some profession, but many only come to Oxford to finish their education and enjoy the social life of the University. For the learning acquired is not the only, or the greatest, advantage of University life at Oxford; here a man may gain that far more valuable knowledge, the knowledge of his fellow men, and of how to deal with them as a gentleman and man of sense. From the society of his fellows he learns self-confidence and ease in conversation; conceit or selfishness are not tolerated, and a man soon gets rid of such feelings, and acquires habits of pleasing and interesting others. From constant association with men of culture and learning, quite apart from their set lectures, the student gains almost imperceptibly a love of culture and some of its fruits. For the true aim of a University training is not mere knowledge; its end is rather to enable a man to judge intelligently all the problems that will confront him from time to time in life, and to fit him to assist reasonably his fellow-creatures in the difficulties of existence.

The year at Oxford is divided into three terms of eight weeks each: a student enters from his



MERTON COLLEGE FROM THE FIELDS, OXFORD

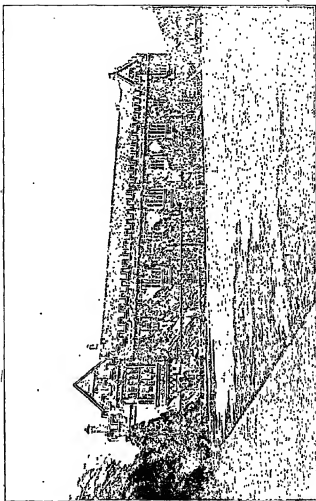


TOWER AND CLOISTERS, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

school to the University by passing the matriculation examination, and, in certain cases, another entrance examination set by his college. He is then a member of his college, and for the next four years during which he is in residence at Oxford, he is under the tuition and care of his college tutors and authorities. He must pass university exams. from time to time, and finally enter for his degree examination.

His time during these four years is fully occupied. In the morning he must attend lectures, and visit his tutor, who gives advice on the books he must read, and supervises his work. The afternoon is devoted to exercise. Every kind of game is played at Oxford, and rowing takes an important part in the athletic life of the place. In the summer there are boat-races, and keen competition takes place between the colleges. During the week of the races, "Eights" week, as it is called from the number of the rowers in each boat, the river banks are thronged with excited crowds cheering on the rival crews. At this time friends of the undergraduates come to visit them at Oxford, and many entertainments take place.

Each college contains many rooms for its undergraduates, a library and common-rooms where all may meet together, read the papers and hold debates; a hall where all the undergraduates dine



ST. JOHN'S GARDEN, FRONT

together every night ; and a chapel, where religious worship is held every morning and evening.

Apart from his necessary reading the undergraduate has many other things to interest him. There are numerous societies which he may join, and the objects of these societies are very varied, ranging from the study of philosophy to the performance of dramas. Debates are held, and papers are read at their meetings, and so the student learns how to express his ideas in words, and gathers fresh opinions from the minds of his fellows.

The college buildings are very beautiful ; their gray stone walls and towers are carved and adorned with statues and figures ; creeper and ivy have grown over many of the old walls, and their leaves glow with colour in the autumn. Many of the colleges possess lovely gardens, with trees some hundreds of years old, beneath which it is pleasant to sit in the summer and read, or discuss some interesting point of learning. No one can live in Oxford without thinking much of the past and of all the old scholars who walked and talked and worked there years ago ; of the learned men who have enriched its libraries with their labours ; of the pious benefactors who built those fine colleges and endowed them with their wealth. So the mind becomes imbued with the love of beauty and the desire for nobleness of life, for wisdom and for

goodness. Surrounded by these memorials of a gracious past the young student resolves to be worthy of his predecessors, and hand on to those who shall come after him the traditions of his University unstained by any ignoble deed of his.

*"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, agreeing well,
May make one music."*

TRAVEL

OUR little visit to England is concluded. Our work lies elsewhere. What is the use of leaving our home, actually or in imagination?

These are days when a man may travel easily, if he has sufficient money, all over the world. If the cost of that be too great for him, he may, at least, read of distant lands and other peoples, and thus travel in imagination. What good may he get thereby? Now, first of all, we are, each of us, born in certain surroundings; we inherit certain ideas; we naturally adopt the manners and customs of those whom we see always in our presence. We are justly proud of our own country and our own traditions. But it frequently happens that men who have never known any country but their own, nor examined closely the daily life and customs of any other people than those about them, are apt to become intolerant and narrow. They imagine that they, and they alone, are always right; that other people, whose customs are different, are necessarily wrong.

This is obviously a view of life to be avoided. No man ever became good or great by contempt of his fellow beings; it is absurd to suppose that all the millions of mankind scattered all over the world are wrong, and we alone are right. Besides, if it were so, it would be all the more our duty to help them.

There was a time when nations lived apart, when there were few opportunities of intercourse between different countries, when each was self-dependent.

That is not the case now. Means of communication by land and sea have multiplied; trade has increased; the money of one country is used to promote the industries of another; the manufactures of one people are indispensable in the daily life of another. No nation can exist by itself or for itself alone. The prosperity of the whole world is dependent upon the prosperity of its parts; a famine in India, an earthquake in America, a revolution in Europe affect far-distant lands.

Let us see what is meant by the money of one country being used to promote the industries of another. We wish, let us suppose, to build a great railway in some part of India; we believe that the existence of this railway will greatly benefit the agriculture, and increase the prosperity of the country. But we have not ourselves sufficient money to build the railway. We say therefore to

other countries, "Lend us your money to build our railway, and we will pay you, in return, a share of the profits that may arise out of the railway." People of other countries lend their money, they "invest" it in the railway, as it is said. So in the same way when we become rich we likewise invest our money in foreign countries.

That is what is meant by the phrase "international finance," and the explanation will enable us to see how closely the prosperity of one nation is bound up with the prosperity of another.

We ought then to learn as much as we can about these other countries, both because it is our duty to take an interest in all human beings, and also because it is to our own advantage to know all about those in whose prosperity our own is involved.

When we know more about their ways and customs, we are able to understand other races better. We see how difference in climate renders necessary a change in modes of living; we learn the reasons for many things which before appeared to us unreasonable and perhaps aroused our dislike.

So it comes about that as nations understand one another better they come to like one another more, to trust and help one another more. Thus, we see, wars became less and less frequent, and each country enjoys peace and is able to develop itself in the way that is best suited to its own characteristics.

The arts and the literature of one race, the commerce and industry of another, the science and philosophy of a third, all combine in the service of humanity, and the whole world is made better and happier.

For just as we are taught to aim, not at our own individual welfare, but at the welfare of the whole body of our countrymen, so we should remember that each country has a duty to perform in the great work of the world.

Let each of us try then to love and not despise his fellow-man, of whatever race he may be, and endeavour to learn as much as possible of the great world that lies beyond our own land.

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